

THE AMADOR LEDGER.

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HER SUMMONS CAME.

A SIGN IN WHICH MRS. GALLUP READ HER DEATH WARRANT.

She Dropped the Dishcloth and After That Fatal Warning Spent the Balance of the Evening in Telling Mr. Gallup How She Thought He Ought to Run the Funeral.

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As Mrs. Gallup lighted his tin lantern after supper and started out to buy half a pound of Rio coffee for breakfast and call at the postoffice Mrs. Gallup was in excellent spirits and had most of the dishes ready for washing. He was absent 32 minutes, and when he returned, she found her husband in the big rocking chair, with a pillow behind her head and the camphor bottle in her hand. She took three long sniffs at the bottle and gave three long drawn sighs as he entered, but it was labor thrown away. Mr. Gallup blew out his lantern and hung it up behind the cellar door, and having deposited the coffee on a shelf in the pantry, he removed and hung up his coat and hat, sat down and took off his shoes and then, taking a circular from his pocket and putting on his glasses with great deliberation, began to read. It was a circular regarding a new discovery in the cure of consumption, and he had not yet finished with the first testimonial when Mrs. Gallup sobbed four times in succession and faintly asked: "Samuel Gallup, do you know that your dyn wife is present in the room?" He made no reply. That testimonial from one who had been cured after his coffin had been purchased made him hold his breath as he read.

"Yes, she is present," dolefully continued Mrs. Gallup after several sniffs

at the bottle, "and she wants to be a few last words with you. When you started over here I was single (Barbara Allen) and think my days might be long in this land. Not five minutes later the summons came. I had just started to wash the dishes, and I had that cracked blue platter in my hand, but I hadn't got it over two wipes when the dishcloth fell to the floor with a great spat. You are hearin' what I say, ain't you, Samuel?"

Mr. Gallup wasn't. He was devouring the second testimonial, which gave the case of a woman who had been given up by over 50 doctors, and yet two bottles furnished her with a new pair of lungs.

"When that dishcloth fell, I knew that my time had come. That's the way Mrs. Grover and Mrs. Taylor went. Their dishcloths fell, and in 24 hours they were in heaven. I shall be up there by tomorrow night, Samuel, while you'll be free to stay out all night to hear the political news. I'd heve died before you come back home, only I wanted to talk with you a little about the funeral. Let's see. If I die tonight, you'll hold the funeral day after tomorrow, won't you, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon?"

Mr. Gallup was listening to a noise outside. He heard something to remind him of a hen trying to crow, and he wondered if it could be that so long after dark.

"If you want it a day sooner, you can hev it," continued Mrs. Gallup after some gasps and sniffs at the bottle, "but you must look out on the nayburs will talk. Better hev it day after tomorrow, and I hope, for your sake, it won't be a rainy day. I've sometimes thought I'd like a big funeral when I went, with over 40 wagons in the procession and the church bell a-tollin and the dogs a-howlin, but I've given that up. No, Samuel, you needn't make any special arrangements. One of the kind that kin go to heaven without any burrah and fireworks. If there is ten wagons in the procession, I shall be satisfied. Don't you think ten ought to be 'nuff for a person like me?"

It wasn't a direct question, but had it been Mr. Gallup would not have answered. He was devouring the third testimonial and making up his mind to try a bottle on the sky.

"Ten wagons in the procession, Samuel, and the bells needn't toll nor nuthin else happen. If anybody is dign taters or makin soft soap or flingin carpet rags, they needn't stop on my account. If 25 people come to the house, that will be 'nuff. We've got 'leve chairs altogether, countin them with broken backs, and Mrs. Walters will lend you the rest. You'll hev our own preacher, of course, but he needn't go on for an hour or two and tell how good I was and how much you'll miss me. If he says that my toll is 'er, and that you won't never find a more sayvin wife, I'll be about 'nuff. Shall you do that cryin at the funeral, Samuel?"

No answer.

"I'd do a little bit if I was you—jest a little. If you don't, folks will talk about it same as they did about Jim Dewitt. He never cried at all, and to this day folks say he didn't use Haner right. I don't ask you to break down and sob and git up an excitement, but you kin gasp a few times and wipe your eyes and blow your nose. I'm sorry you'll hev to take that long ride to the graveyard, as you could be playin checkers or sunthin, but I don't see how you are to git out of it. However, you won't never hev to go there ag'in. When you git ready to buy me a gravestone, you kin send it up by a man. I s'pose you'll buy a stun of some sort, won't you?"

Mr. Gallup didn't hear. In the fourth testimonial a man declared that he had been saved after a whole lung and three-quarters of the other were gone, and it was a sketch to thrill the reader clear down to his toes.

"Of course, I don't know about no

gravestun for myself," said Mrs. Gallup as she tried to wipe away her tears with the glass stopper of the bottle, "but if you don't put one up the nayburs will call you stingy. Get a cheap one, however. If you kin git one for \$10 and trade a lot of carpet rags in, I'd do it. I used to think I wanted a whole lot of readin on my gravestun, but I've changed my mind. Just put on that Susan Gallup expired in the forty-ninth year of her age of general disability and that she has found rest where asthma, boils, backaches and rheumatiz cease from troublin. You needn't say a word about makin 40 yards of rag carpet and a bar'l of soft soap jest year while enjoyin sore eyes and a boil on my arm or that I allus kept catnip, smartweed and peppermint herbs in the house and was a nurse to all the nayburs. No, Samuel, you needn't say a word about them things. Make it a cheap—gravestun, and you needn't never go up there—and—and—"

And when Mr. Gallup had finished the testimonial and fully determined to buy at least three bottles and hide them in the wood shed he rose up, yawned and stretched and looked around to find Mrs. Gallup asleep and the camphor wasted on the floor.

M. QUAD.

Make a Pet of the Rat.

"As a matter of fact," says a courageous writer in the Boston Transcript, "the common rat is a vastly more intelligent creature than the squirrel or the average cat. I am more than half convinced that the resources of the rat as a household pet would be fairly tested by a very great. The rat is undoubtedly capable of a higher and more intimate form of domestication than that which he now commonly assigns to himself. He is at present a resident of our houses on unwelcome terms, and he makes himself, quite naturally, as much an enemy of the household as possible.

"Let the rat be welcomed and made a friend of the family, as has been done in a few cases, and he becomes a different sort of fellow altogether. No longer forced to steal his food, he becomes a playmate and a companion. The sleek and well-groomed gray rat, baring the ordinary baldness of his tail, quite as pretty and graceful a creature as the squirrel, and there is no reason why we should not become so much accustomed to the appearance of his tail that in time we should regard it as quite ornamental."

He Was Slow.

Lincoln used to be fond of telling a story of a lawyer in a western town who desired the nomination for county judge. On the morning preceding the evening on which the county convention was to meet he applied to the livery stable keeper in his village for a horse and buggy in which to drive to the county town, 16 miles distant, where the convention was to be held.

"Give me the best and the fastest horse you have, Sam," said he, "so that I will have time to go around and see the boys before the convention comes in."

The liveryman, however, was supporting a rival candidate and gave the lawyer a horse that outwardly appeared perfect, but which broke down en route before half the journey was completed, so that when the candidate arrived the convention had adjourned and his rival had been nominated.

On his return to the stable late the following afternoon, knowing that it was useless to resent the trick played upon him, he said to the owner: "Look here, Smith, you must be training this horse for the New York market. You expect to sell him to an undertaker for a large sum, don't you? Well, it's time wasted. I know from my gait that you have spent days training him to pull a hearse, but he'll prove a dead failure. Why, he's so slow he couldn't get a corpse to the cemetery in time for the resurrection."

The Famous Asphalt Lake.

Asphalt is being dug out of the famous lake of Trinidad, the most notable existing source of the material in the world, at the rate of 80,000 tons per annum. There are still 4,500,000 tons in sight, but as this rate the supply could not last long were it not that the lake bitumen referred to is receiving a constant accretion from the bowels of the earth. This accretion is reckoned as amounting to about 20,000 tons per year, which would enable the lake to stay in its original condition if it were allowed to remain undisturbed for a few years.

This wonderful lake of pitch has an area of 114 acres, and recent soundings made in the middle of it have shown the depth to be 135 feet in that part. Near the center it is semicircular and bubbling, but elsewhere it has so hard a surface that a man on horseback can ride over it without the danger of breaking through the crust. Scattered over its surface are a number of small islands which have no proper roots in the earth, so to speak, but are composed merely of accumulations of soil, though trees of considerable size grow on some of them. These islands are not stationary, but are carried slowly from place to place by the movements of the lake. Now and then one of them is entirely engulfed.—New York Post.

The Hot Water Cure.

Boarding House Keeper—A glass of hot water? What can the man want with a glass of hot water? He doesn't shave.

Cook—He wants to drink it.

"To drink it? Well, I never!"

"Oh, all the boarders is sending for hot water now three times a day."

"Goodness me! What for?"

"For to drink. They calls it the hot water cure. It beats all newfangled notions what come up."

"What does it cure?"

"Why, they say it really cures everything, just sendin' it."

"Thank fortune it's cheap. Give 'em all the hot water they want, Maria."

"Yes'm."

"So hot water is a great cure, is it? Well, I shan't let any of my boarders get ill for want of medicine. Just put another gallon of hot water in that oyster soap, Maria, and I think you'd better take out the lyster now. It might get too rich."—London Tit-Bits.

The temple of fame stands upon the grave. The flame that burns upon its altars is kindled from the ashes of dead men.

There Wasn't Any Row.

It Was Simply a Case of Spontaneous Combustion.

He was a very young man, almost too young to be out on the street at that time of the night, 8:30 p. m., and his general appearance indicated that he had been picked up by a cyclone somewhere during his meanderings. He was not utterly demoralized, but there was something in his manner that would lead the close observer to the conclusion that all had not been well with him.

"Gee!" he exclaimed as he spun around the corner and went bump into a policeman.

"Hello," ejaculated that worthy, instinctively grabbing at him: "what's the row?"

"There wasn't any," responded the youth.

"What are you running like that for?" persisted the policeman.

"I've just been up against a case of spontaneous combustion."

"You look too green to burn," chuckled the policeman.

"It's on my just the same. My girl lives around the corner, and I went to see her. I thought it was all—"

"Where does the combustion come in?" interrupted the officer.

"Come out, you mean," corrected the youth.

"Come off!" exclaimed the officer. "Tell me what the row is before I chase you."

"Never heard of anything like that," pleaded the boy. "The girl's old man and I don't harmonize a little bit, and when he met me at the door he fired me so suddenly that I had vertigo. If you don't call that spontaneous combustion, what the dickens do you call it?"

"Oh, excuse me," apologized the policeman, "you run along home and get into your trundle bed!" and the blue-coat gently waived the remnant of his way.—Detroit Free Press.

Woeful Ignorance.

Farmer—See here, you! You remember putting two lightning rods on my barn last spring, don't you? Well, that barn was struck six weeks after and burned down.

Peddler—Struck by lightning?

"It was."

"In the daytime?"

"No; at night."

"Must 'a' been a dark night, wasn't it?"

"Yes; dark as pitch."

"Lanterns burnin'?"

"What lanterns?"

"Didn't you run lanterns up 'em on dark nights?"

"Never heard of anything like that."

"Well, if you don't know enough to keep your lightning rods showin you needn't blame me. G-lan!"—New York Weekly.

Bright Little Sammy.

Sammy (who is never allowed to stay out of school)—Howdie Hariburt didn't come to school all day.

Mamma—Why not, Sammy?

Sammy—Cause his mother died. When you die, may I stay home all day?

Mamma—Yes, darling; you may stay out a whole week.

Sammy (suppliciously)—Oh, I know! You mean to die in vacation.—Harlem Life.

The Conceited Peer.

A certain conceited nobleman once observed to Charles Townsend, "When I happen to say a foolish thing, I always burst out a laughing." Townsend eyed him curiously and at length remarked in the most deliberate manner, "Ah, I envy you your happiness, for you must certainly live the merriest life of any man in Europe."

When you are invited to a real old fashioned woman's house for supper, she always has floating island. This is a sure test.—Aitchison Globe.

Turned Into Trade.

A retired cheesemonger, who hated an allusion to the business that had enriched him, said to Charles Lamb in the course of a discussion on the poor laws, "I have got rid of that business, but I have got rid of the milk of human kindness."

Lamb looked at him steadily and gave his acquiescence in these witty words: "Yes, I am aware of that. You turned it all into cheese several years ago."

Melifluous "Bahoo" English.

The late G. W. Stevens gives an example of "Bahoo" English in his book, "In India." It is an effort to express admiration for the speech of Pandit Madan Mohan Malavayya at a native congress:

"His speech is as mellifluous as his name. He has a sweet voice and is one of the most enthusiastically welcomed of men on the congress platform. Neither tall nor short nor stout, but thin, not dark, dressed in pure white, with a white robe which goes round his shoulders and ends down below the knees, Mr. Madan Mohan stands like Eiffel's tower when he addresses his fellow congressmen."

"He stands slanting forward, admirably preserving his center of gravity. His speeches are full of pellucid and sparkling statements, and his rolling and interminable sentences travel out of his mouth in quick succession, producing a thrilling impression on the audience. There is music in his voice, there is magic in his eye, and he is one of the sweet charmers of the congress company."

Respected His Memory.

She entered the office of the tombstone company, and the clerks immediately became sad of countenance.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked the chief mourner.

"Yes; my husband, John T. Abernathy, has died, and I would like to secure some suitably engraved headstone—something with an appropriate inscription, if you please."

"Certainly, madam. Right this way, now, here is a very pretty thing in the stone line. Right over this cross we would carve, 'Here lies John T. Abernathy, and—'"

"Ah, sir," interrupted the widow, "you must think me cruel! I would not say 'Here lies.' That was one of his faults in life, and I will not follow him with the accusation now that he has gone."—Denver Times.

In the Forum of Justice.

Pass, pass, pass! Thou hast had time hour to sow in and reap. Is it blithe or frow? Tis the seed is at fault, though Jove's hand staid the shower. Make way for thy comrade with double thy dower.

Halt, halt, halt! There was given thee grace to begin with the best and their records exact, but the sands have winged. Step down from the race. Swifter than thou art would run in thy place.

Cease, cease, cease! Thou hast had thy chance. Must a Pallas attend to that word of mischief? Let thine own sword and thy broken lance to run thine own course in the future. —Grace Denio Litchfield in Century.

BY THE LYCH GATE.

A Story of One Who Married For Wealth and Beauty.

There is a valley amid the Yorkshire hills known as Coverdale, from whose slopes, long years ago, came plump Miles, who translated the Bible, and who was called by the simple folk Miles of Coverdale, after the place of his birth.

Very calm and peaceful the little dale lies under the shadow of the great hills, whose summits are purple in the sweet summertime with their royal mantle of fragrant heather, and where the curlew and the golden plover's cry alone break the gentle stillness that rests over the little world beyond the haunts of restless activity and hurrying life.

There is no railway in quiet Coverdale, no town to which the country folk may wend their way, no shops save the wonderful village emporium, where everything in a very small way may be obtained, but where few fashions come to startle the gayer minded of the maidens, or strange new devices in neckties to dazzle the vision of the country squire.

To peep into the world necessitates a journey under the shelter of the lone hillsides, along bonny lanes, intertwined with pink and creamy tinted honeysuckle, and green with waving ferns; past the quaint inn, whose sign is a famous but long ago race horse, called in the canny Yorkshire tongue the Lady Bab, and, finally, across the moor into horse loving Middleham, where are people and shops, and many lanes with curiously painted signposts, the Black Swan and its brother, the White Swan, and many others too.

But down in Coverdale there is a beautiful old church, set like a jewel in its surrounding of stately trees and blossoming hedges, with the quiet greenness of God's acre lying stretched about it, and the singing of nature's choristers in the sweet air around a place of perfectness and repose, where cattle's burdens may fall from one for a little space and heaven's benison light softly on such of its children as stay to pray and think awhile.

There is a quaint lych gate at the entrance to the holy spot, a carved halting place of oak, set tenderly by some good man of the dalespeople—a squire of the older days, who loved his home and his neighbors and his God full well, I think, and sought to beautify the church in which he and his had worshipped so long.

And down the fair avenue of trees within the precincts and past the quiet church lie the remains of what was once the proud abbey of Coverdale, where the monks said masses and cultivated their gardens, and tended the souls and bodies of the poor and needy in the dale.

It is a beautiful spot in a beautiful countryside, and so thought a man who viewed it lovingly and pointed out all its changeable lights and shadows and all its pretty peeps of field and river to his wife.

They had only been married a little while, a few short weeks, and had elected to spend their honeymoon in some of the quaint corners of England; hence their journeying thither to this sequestered nook among the hills and the far stretched moorlands in their veiling of regal purple. The man loved it already with the artist love which sees the beautiful so quickly and feels it so strongly, and the woman—well, she saw the beauties, too, but she was growing a little weary of pretty sights, and she was very pretty and spoiled herself and perhaps a little jealous of admiration wasted which might have been diverted homeward.

So she stood by the quaint relics of the abbots and mailed knights at Coverdale, where two quaint forms guard a doorway as perchance the originals guarded some stronghold in the old fighting days long gone, and her white gown fell over the gray stones and gleamed against the red and orange nasturtiums in the garden which surrounds the old walls and arches, and she wondered if her husband had nearly finished his sketch and whether they should stay at Middleham for a day or two or go on farther to Vensleydale.

"I am rather tired of admiring places," she said to herself a little impatiently, "and then, I never can remember who lived in the castles and abbeys. How uncomfortable they must have been!"

And then for she was only a very young bride, too she felt sorry for having been impatient, even in her thoughts, toward her husband, and she turned to speak to him with an even sweeter smile than usual on her pretty lips, for her husband was a genius in his way a thinker and an author, and every one had envied her when she married him in spite of her wealth.

Ah, there was a pitiful ring in the story—poor and needless, but clever; for she had been in his eager attempts to win fame single handed, and rich and beautiful the woman with the fairylike figure and exquisite face had given the man her gold.

And ah, a more pitiful note still, and the man remembers that some one has once long ago talked of this very spot, with its quaint surroundings and its old world atmosphere, in the time that might have been and is not.

He closed his sketchbook, with a sigh, and turned to the white-robed loveliness of his wife with a murmured apology for having kept her waiting, and then together they passed down the avenue that leads to the road again.

But he was very silent, and his wife felt tired and just a little cross. She liked to be petted and coaxed and flattered, and latterly Wilfred had been too serious to suit her gay fancies and too absorbed in new ideas for his book

to pay her the attentions she loved so dearly to exact from every man and especially from her husband.

"Let us go home to town," she said suddenly. "I am so tired of roaming in this out of the way place, Wilfred, and there is still so much going on, I hear. You must have got lots of ideas now. I am sure." She laughed gleefully as she spoke. The murmur of the stream seemed already in her ears, and the dash of silks and jewels came over the sunlight on the grass.

He paused a moment. "Will you not come on a little farther?" he asked kindly, yet a little wistfully. "There are some lovely places in the dale, and you would be interested in them, I think."

But she shook her head until the diamonds in her hair twinkled like dewdrops. "You know I am not interested," she said pettily. "I hate those old people who perchance castles on the tops of hills and expect you to climb up to see them. Do let us go back."

They had reached the lych gate now, and a girl was entering it from the other side, where their carriage—his wife's carriage—with its beautiful bay, stood waiting. The sunlight fell on her quiet black gown and her soft hair as she passed under the quaint oaken structure, and then she lifted her eyes, and a sudden light flashed into them and then died very gently again.

The man's face grew white in the shadow of the leafy elms, but his wife chattered on in her high, pretty voice and noticed nothing of his pallor. And then, as they met, he advanced quietly to meet the girl as quietly as if they had never parted in bitter, bitter sorrow, the one brave and ready to sacrifice herself for his sake, the other, as he said to himself bitterly enough, a coward and a craven. And now they met again in the soft sunshine of the autumn day, with the first few leaves falling, golden tinted, from the trees overhead, with the blue, bright sky overhead and the purring of a little stream somewhere near, under the old gateway that leads to the house of prayer.

She spoke to him very calmly and quietly, and he introduced her to his lovely wife, and she told the stranger at once in her pretty, petulant voice of her wish to go back to town and to his gayeties, only Wilfred wouldn't, he was so cross.

But the girl smiled so gently and spoke so soothingly that the little lady's wrath melted away, and she laughed like a merry child and straightway invited her new friend to pay them a visit in town.

"We will go tomorrow, won't we, Wilfred?" she said laughingly, and the grave faced man answered that her will was law.

"Yes, we will go tomorrow," he said when the girl had answered that she never went to town now. Her father was old and needed her care, and she was quite content with her life in the still countryside.

"I have him, and he has me," she said, with her peaceful smile, and the laughing woman before her could not guess and would never have realized that this gentle faced girl had loved the man beside her with all her heart and soul and had passed through the deep waters alone with her sorrow to take up her life again bravely and well.

And then one of the beautiful horses claimed the pretty wife's attention, and she went hurriedly on, leaving the two together for a brief moment in the sunshine of the old gate.

"Forgive me, Enid!" he said brokenly. "Ah, I have wronged you so, and I deserve your hatred, but forgive me, if you can!"

His face was haggard, and his lips whitened and trembled as he spoke the few strained words.

But she laid her hand in his very gently, as if to say goodbye to a dear, dear friend forever. "I have forgiven you, dear," she said. "I may call you that for this one last time? I have forgiven you everything, and God keep you, keep you safely and lead you aright!"

She paused, and the great tears rose in her calm eyes and rolled down the pale cheeks. She loved him so well still, and the meeting and the parting were very hard to bear.

And then, with one last look, she passed on into the loneliness of the still graveyard and the quiet dead—Exchange.

Abyssinians Expert at Thatching.

In describing Abyssinia and its strange capital a writer in Pearson's tells of its mushroom growth as follows: A crowd of workers appears with loads of sticks some 12 feet high. These are planted in the ditch to erect the walls, and a few more sticks are twisted in and out to keep them together. Now comes the preparation of the roof. A number of men climb up inside and bind together more sticks like the frame of an umbrella. As soon as these are in position they clamber outside like monkeys and set to work to thatch. For this purpose they bring great bundles of hay and twine it between the sticks. They are not an artistic nation, and they have next to no industries, but at thatching they are really expert, and they turn out work which would call for admiration even in a civilized country. They do not trouble to produce an elegant finish, but this often adds to the picturesqueness of a cottage.

Just a chance meeting in the rain and so many things to talk about. That means comes the hacking, lingering cough, and the doctor looks on and talks of pine woods or mountain air.

That is the time when Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery proves its value. It has cured hundreds of cases of "weak lungs," obstinate, lingering coughs, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and other forms of disease, which if neglected or unskillfully treated lead to consumption.

About eight years ago I had a dreadful cough and hoarseness. I tried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and it cured me. I tried several kinds of medicine, but it was no effect, and last I tried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, of which I have taken four bottles, and my cough is entirely cured.

Sick people are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE WAY IT BEGINS.

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LEDGER'S CLUBBING RATES.

Ledger and Daily Call, one year.....\$7 50
Ledger and Weekly Call, one year..... 3 00
Ledger and Daily Bulletin, one year..... 6 50
Ledger and Sunday Bulletin, 1 yr..... 4 20
Ledger and Weekly Bulletin, one year..... 9 30
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PRODUCTION OF GOLD ON THE LODGE

POSSIBILITIES OF THE PEERLESS AND KIRKWOOD.

Reopening of an Old Mine in Calaveras. Big Mining Deal—Activity at the Shaw Mine.

Peerless and Kirkwood.

The encouraging prospects that have been encountered in the development work at the Peerless and Kirkwood mines, which are considered to be situated west of the so-called Mother Lode Belt, have led some to ask if these mines were not after all on the real Mother Lode.

This section of country between the Jackson creek and the Mokelumne river, although in nearly a direct line between two great gold producers, remains, with the exception of a few tunnels and prospect holes, almost virgin ground.

The formation of the ground through which they have been sinking, strengthened by the fact that these mines are situated in a natural opening between said producers, is certainly evidence that they might be in the right channel.

And again, for the Gwin ledge to pass east of this belt it would have to turn easterly and cut across a section of hard country rock.

It is not probable that a vein with a gouge would do this. The natural way would be for it to run parallel with the hard rock; then if such was the case the Gwin ledge would run up Black Gulch and through to the Kennedy.

Should those interested in these properties possess the necessary pluck characteristic of all thorough prospecting, they will undoubtedly demonstrate that their judgment has not been far from right.

As to the Peerless and Kirkwood there can be no doubt but that they are both on the same belt because there is only one slate running through this locality.

Possibly they are on different sides of it, still even though they were they would get their mineral from the same source, thereby making them practically the same thing.

A PRACTICAL MINER.

CALAVERAS COUNTY.

Chronicle: The Anglo-Saxon Gold Mining and Tunnel Company, consisting of Boston capital, is opening up the old Ilex property. This is a very large property of several mining claims, the principal one being the Anglo-Saxon and the Tiger ledges. In the eighties there was great excitement here over the rich pockets of coarse gold found in the Anglo-Saxon and Tiger veins near the surface. The present company will go down deeper by running a cross-formation tunnel, intersecting those ore shoots several hundred feet below water-level, so as to drain the several veins and lessen the cost of mining. The enterprise seems to be in good hands and has the enthusiastic endorsement of the old miners. J. O. Stewart is superintending the work.

The Glencoe Mining and Milling Company has let a contract to run a tunnel, 100 feet, in one of its mines—the Rockingham—situated near the town of Glencoe. This tunnel, which was started some time ago, was run to a depth of 360 feet, when work was discontinued. Its purpose is to afford better ventilation for the main shaft, which it will tap at a depth of 120 feet from the surface. The shaft has been sunk on the vein to a depth of 170 feet and the ore looks well.

Citizen: Work was resumed at the French Hill Tunnel mine, near Mokelumne Hill, last Friday, on a small scale, under the direction of Tom McSorley, the Superintendent. The management is now working four men on two shifts. The tunnel is in 1020 feet and from this point it is 300 feet to the surface. At the end of this tunnel where work was commenced, they had run but a few feet when a five-foot shoot of excellent ore was struck. Samples of the ore were taken out and sent below for the purpose of being assayed. Prospects are very bright for the mine.

During the past two weeks many mining men having been visiting various parts of this county in the interest of properties in which they are interested. Matters of a mining nature are looking up most decidedly, and the claims of Calaveras county as to the good qualities and lasting nature of her mines are being daily verified by the favorable comment of these notable visitors.

TUOLUMNE COUNTY.

Independent: A deed is on record in the County Recorder's office, dated January 14th, in which the Tuolumne Consolidated Mining Company transfers to the Providence Consolidated Gold Mining Company, for a consideration of \$50,000, a long list of mines in east belt, about two miles from Carters. E. A. Witte, the President of the Tuolumne Consolidated Mining Company, is named as one of the stockholders, possessing 4000 shares, while Alex. Granger figures as the Secretary.

Following are the properties disposed of: Consuelo, Bullion, Good Enough, Polar Star, Fair Play, Southern Cross, After Thought, Providence, Belcher (sometimes known as the Lucy), mining claims; Independent, located as a tunnel site; also, a right-of-way over the Spring Hill, Bunker Hill and Independent mines, and a privilege for a pipe line, ditches and dumping ground on the Blue Jay mine; together with all other property, water rights and privileges of said grantor.

Magnet: The main shaft at the Crystalline gold mines is now down 230 feet, and is steadily growing deeper, thanks to two baby giant drills. When the 300 mark is reached a crosscut will be run. The management contemplates sinking a prospect shaft on the west vein where an encouraging prospect has been discovered.

Float quartz of extreme richness has been picked up on the Experimental Gulch mining property, owned by Thomas Conlin. The lead from whence it comes will some day be uncovered and they that find it will be well reimbursed for the labor expended.

EL DORADO COUNTY.

Nugget: There are now twenty-five men at work at the Shaw mine. A gang is employed in repairing and building a road to connect the mine with the main county road. A five-stamp mill is in course of construction to supplement a Huntington mill already erected. A new hoist has been erected on the mine by the present management. The boarding house and sleeping house have been enlarged and a new storage house built and the land cleared over a large area of the property. The Shaw mine is situated upon what is known as the Shaw ledge which has been traced for many miles through the county, and has been pronounced by experts to be one of the most promising ledges in El Dorado. There are many flattering prospects in other locations on the same ledge to the south of the Shaw mine and extend as far south as the town of El Dorado.

A Progressive Move.

Year after year the teachers of Amador county have met in annual session and spent a few days in comparing experiences and gaining information from educators imported for the purpose of enlightening the teachers upon the latest educational developments and giving their personal opinions on questions under discussion. It has generally been the custom to have one leading educator present for this purpose, and his lectures and suggestions have always constituted the leading feature of the session.

The teachers have always been inspired to better school-room work by these gatherings, and the patrons throughout the county have become cognizant of the fact that their children have gained new ideas and renewed enthusiasm in their work in proportion to the success their teacher experienced while gleaming from the lectures and suggestions of the instructors of the institute.

In the case of a large majority of the young people of our mountain counties, the only sources of information on topics not of a local nature, are the papers and books they are able to read and their daily converse with those who have seen and experienced things of interest to the peculiarly inquisitive mind of Young America.

As the district school teacher is the one person of each neighborhood who is most expected to satisfy the youthful craving for "knowledge not found in books," it is meant that the teacher should be prepared for the task of imparting this information, and it is plain that to attain this preparation it is very necessary that the teacher must see for herself what she would make interesting to the pupil.

The above thoughts were recalled to the writer upon reading of the novel, yet absolutely practical plan of County Superintendent Gordon to convene the Amador county teachers' institute in the immediate vicinity, and, in fact, within the classic walls of the greatest university west of the Mississippi.

Having visited the University and consulted the president and ablest professors and secured their endorsement and promise of hearty assistance during the session, the Superintendent consulted his teachers and found them almost unanimously in favor of the scheme. This hearty endorsement by the teachers bespeaks their anxiety to prepare themselves for better work in their profession and is in itself a compliment to their progressiveness.

The plan includes lectures by such men as President Wheeler, Dr. Elmer E. Brown, and others of highest educational authority; visits to the best grammar schools of the State, where the practical methods given in the lectures may be seen in actual use; a day spent in seeing the objects of interest of an educational nature to be found in the Metropolis—and all that can be included in the time allotted for the session that may be valuable enough to be added to the teachers' storehouse of the door of which shall be open to every child with whom she may afterward come in contact.

Such is the plan by which every teacher of Amador county may secure a rare intellectual treat, and come back better prepared than ever before to "teach the young ideas how to shoot." Arrangements have been made with railroad and hotels, so that the entire trip will cost but a trifle more than the usual county institute.

There are some who may object to "taking money out of the county," and oppose the scheme on that ground. But when one considers that the entire cost of the trip will not exceed what is sent out annually to maintain one pupil forced to leave the county in order to find higher instruction, the insignificance of such objection will become apparent, for Amador county sends out from \$5,000 to \$10,000 annually to give about ten per cent of her grammar graduates an education that a much smaller sum would give to all at home. If any find it convenient to object on such grounds, they should make able crusaders on the question of higher education at home. A. D. VANCE.

Meeting of Directors. The regular meeting of the Board of Directors of the Peerless Gold Mine Development Company was held last Monday afternoon in the Company's office, Brown building. Only routine business was transacted. The Superintendent's reports were interesting and encouraging. The work is going forward to the satisfaction of the directors, and with due regard to economy and durability.

Young Mothers.

Group is the terror of thousands of young mothers, because its outbreak is so agonizing and frequently fatal. Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure acts like magic in cases of Croup. It has never been known to fail. The worst cases relieved immediately. Price, 25c, and 50c. For sale by A. Golden, the Druggist.

BOARD OF SUPERVISORS IN ACTION

INCORPORATION TO BE DECIDED MARCH 19TH.

The Expense Incurred By the County During the Month of January Is Settled.

JACKSON, CAL., Feb. 4, 1901. At a regular meeting of the Board of Supervisors held this 4th day of February, 1901, the following proceedings were had, to wit:

Roll call—present, Fred B. LeMoine (chairman), M. Newman, Wesley M. Amick, A. B. McLaughlin, E. B. Moore. Minutes of last meeting read and approved. Following claims are approved and ordered paid:

HOSPITAL FUND.

P. C. Cassinelli, vegetables, fish, etc.	\$ 4.00
C. Richtermyer, water.	7.00
J. Gaslight Co., gas.	8.05
M. Newman, conveying 2 patients.	8.00
W. McVey, conveying patient.	6.00
Glavinovich & Parker, clothing, bedding.	78.61
Mrs. E. M. Hurd, matron 1/2 month.	15.00
W. A. Hale, conveying patient.	6.00
J. Steiner.	2.50
Miss J. Hamilton, cook.	5.00
Mrs. A. C. Barrett, matron 1/2 month.	15.00
Thomas & Eddy, meat.	72.00
W. A. Hale, conveying patient.	6.00
A. C. Barrett, sup't 1/2 month.	22.50
G. Ginocchio & Bro., provisions.	128.79
Mrs. J. Turner, washing.	7.50
Mrs. E. M. Hurd, matron 1/2 month.	15.00
E. M. Hurd, sup't 1/2 month.	22.50
A. Mello, conveying patient.	2.50
M. J. White, cook.	20.00
Wm. Schroder, digging graves, etc.	7.00
S. G. Spagnoli, vegetables, fish, etc.	14.95
Dr. M. Simmons, county physician.	44.00
Dr. A. M. Gail.	46.00
Wm. Anderson, conveying patient.	6.00
G. Courtright.	3.50

CURRENT EXPENSE FUND.

S. G. Spagnoli, post and rest stamps.	14.95
Geo. McMillen, witness fees.	1.00
F. W. Parker, night watchman.	10.00
U. S. Gregory, board for prisoners.	25.00
A. Leibhart, repairs court room.	9.00
C. P. Violi, traveling expenses.	7.00
Sunset T. & Co., phone Sheriff office.	5.45
L. G. Gail, witness fees.	8.20
J. L. Bentley, county printing.	3.00
W. L. Bastian, witness fees.	3.20
Fred B. LeMoine, mileage.	2.00
R. I. Kerr, stationery.	18.50
Amador Dispatch, county printing.	36.00
S. G. Spagnoli, night watchman.	10.00
Sunset T. & Co., phone Hall of R.	4.50
Dr. E. E. Endicott, exam insane.	5.00
J. E. Giles, justice fees.	14.00
S. G. Spagnoli, interpreter.	2.00
D. F. Gray, constable fees.	32.30
Glavinovich & Parker, fuel supplied.	3.40
S. W. Williams, removing rubbish.	1.50
J. McCarthy, justice fees.	6.00
H. Garbaldi, rebate Jaxon school tax.	2.15
J. Lesley, constable fees.	10.70
H. E. Gail, constable, rolls & books.	14.78
W. M. Amick, mileage.	3.40
Amador Co. Pub. Co., county printing.	55.15
G. A. Grillon, corner fees.	30.00
G. A. McLaughlin, mileage.	3.00
J. B. Golden, expressage, etc.	2.50
Jackson School dist., janitor, wood, etc.	10.00
J. E. Kelley, constable fees.	6.40
J. H. Heffren, " "	13.30
P. Kelly, " "	38.85
Dr. E. V. Longin, exam insane.	5.00
W. L. White, reporting justice court.	3.00
J. Gaslight Co., gas and fixtures.	11.20
H. Golder, justice fees.	21.00
C. Richtermyer, water.	3.00
E. B. Moore, mileage.	8.00
E. B. Moore, reporting justice court.	2.00
E. G. Freeman Co., books.	10.00
J. A. Sohn, rebate on taxes.	1.71

GENERAL BRIDGE FUND.

F. B. LeMoine, labor and lumber.	9.05
Chas. Cramer, lumber.	16.44
W. M. Amick, labor and lumber.	44.50

ROAD FUND.

W. M. Amick, labor, R. D. 2.	355.00
F. B. LeMoine, " R. D. 5.	176.40
M. Newman, " R. D. 1.	180.00
A. B. McLaughlin, " R. D. 3.	28.80

SPECIAL ROAD FUND.

M. Newman, labor on Jaxon-Ione road.	122.50
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SALARY FUND.

M. Newman, road commissioner.	25.00
W. M. Amick, " "	25.00
A. B. McLaughlin, " "	25.00
E. B. Moore, " "	25.00
F. B. LeMoine, " "	25.00

Claims of Robt. T. Kerr for \$20.55, medicines furnished at hospital, rejected.

Claim of Capital T. & T. Co. for \$3.50 for telephone service is rejected.

Claim of Geo. I. Wright for school maps laid over until next meeting.

Criminal returns of H. Golder, Jas. McCauley and J. H. Giles approved.

Reports of County Physician, Treasurer and the quarterly report of Treasurer and Auditor approved.

In the matter of the petition of W. P. Peek et al. for the incorporation of Jackson; Neal A. Macquarrie appeared before the Board on behalf of petition. Passed to be taken up hereafter.

Matter of the application of Thomas Webster for a liquor license in Sutter Creek. R. L. L. Bernheim appeared in behalf of the application. Remonstrance of E. C. Voorheis and others read. L. Katz appeared on behalf of the remonstrance.

Moved and seconded that the application be granted. Carried by the following vote: Ayes—Newman, Amick, McLaughlin, Moore and LeMoine. Noes, None.

Stevens and McKinnis appeared before the Board in regards to the fish hatchery at Silver Lake. Matter continued until the next meeting.

Moved and carried that a weekly abstract of the papers recorded in the Recorder's office of Amador Co. be furnished to the County Assessor by Geo. I. Wright & Son for the sum of \$1 per month.

Applications for liquor licenses granted: A. Kaiser, Ione; R. F. Allen, Forest Home; Hamm, Davis & Mason, Ione; Adam G. Huberty, Pine Grove.

Ordinance No. 103, imposing Road Poll Tax for 1901 fixed at \$2, passed and adopted by unanimous vote.

Moved and carried that Sheriff Gregory be authorized to improve the Court House grounds at a cost not to exceed \$150.

Clerk is ordered to have the Joint Quarterly Report of Auditor and Treasurer published in the Amador Ledger.

Petition for an ordinance to prevent hogs from running at large on the roads in Pioneer school district. Matter laid over until next meeting.

Supervisor W. M. Amick authorized to have jail at Ione repaired.

Matter of the incorporation of the town of Jackson. Election called for March 19, 1901.

Moved and carried that the County Clerk be authorized to sell the Calaveras Reports in his office at not less than \$1 per volume.

Following warrants were cancelled:

School Fund.	\$ 510.83
Current Expense Fund.	100.45
Hospital Fund.	43.50
Salary Fund.	1020.81
Teachers' Institute & Library Fund.	30.00
	\$ 7078.39

FROM SKAGWAY.

SKAGWAY, ALASKA, Jan. 21, 1901.

Dear LEDGER:

The blizzard ended at last. Eight days of constant snow and blow with mercury from zero to 22 below was an experience worth having. Such a severe time was never known here before. The railroad was blocked for 12 days but 4 days of the delay was caused by an avalanche throwing the rotary snow plow off the track and breaking it so that castings had to be taken up from here over the snow by men and dogs drawing sleds. No serious accidents occurred. The steamship Alki, came near driving on the rocks in a gale. The captain ordered a sail spread to help the engines. This saved the ship but six men had their hands frozen, two of them so badly that amputation will probably be necessary. The large fires needed for comfort during the storm, made increased danger of conflagration. Soldiers and citizens patrolled the streets constantly, and each hose cart had a harnessed horse standing beside it night and day. Not a single alarm had to be given for every one realized the danger and was careful accordingly. Finally one morning all was serene, sunny and calm. In many places the snow reached the second story windows and tunnels were made for people to pass along the sidewalks.

Ten above zero seemed quite warm. The cold weather is healthy for there is hardly any sickness and not a death has occurred in Skagway since last August and only fourteen during 1900. What other town of over 3000 inhabitants can equal this? I shall surely leave here before long, or adopt some other calling. Yours truly,

C. H. G.

AMADOR CITY.

AMADOR CITY, Feb. 5, 1901.—Misses Annie and Mary McLaughlin of Volcano, are the guests of Miss Mayme Hornberger.

Miss Sophie Fredericks of Volcano, is visiting Miss Josie Mooney.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Shear of Sutter, moved to town last week. Mr. Shear is employed at the Keystone mine.

The Second Annual Ball given by the Amador Baseball Club was largely attended.

Mr. Jno. Palmer Sr., of Bunker Hill, met with rather a painful accident last Wednesday. He was engaged in shingling his roof when his footing gave away and he fell to the ground, dislocating his shoulder. He is improving rapidly under the skillful attendance of Dr. J. B. Baker.

Mr. Donahue and family have moved back to Grass Valley, their former home.

The Ladies' Aid of the M. E. church are making great preparations for Washington's Birthday. They intend celebrating by having a chicken-pie supper and a real patriotic programme after.

Miss Gussie Raphael and Miss Grace Leonard are on the sick list.

Mr. Sherwood of Sutter Creek, spent Friday evening with Jno. R. Tregloan. "E. LOIS."

In The Nick of Time.

About eight o'clock last Sunday evening, Mr. C. R. Renne happened to glance out of a window in his apartments in the Well & Renne block, and discovered that a pile of shavings next to the porch of the building back of the bank, formerly used by James Mortimer as a paint shop, was in a blaze. He hastened down stairs, drew a bucket of water from the hydrant, and squelched the fire. Two little urchins, neither of them more than six years of age, had set fire to the shavings and were enjoying the fun hugely when Mr. Renne appeared. The old building has considerable inflammable material, including oil and paint, stored within it and would have made a hot fire, endangering contiguous property.

Card of Thanks.

The undersigned relatives of the late Mrs. Aurelia Marre, hereby thank her neighbors and many friends for the kindness shown and assistance be rendered during her last illness, and for the respect paid her memory on the occasion of the ceremonies attending the last sad rites at church and grave. We also desire to express our sincere appreciation of the music rendered by the choir, E. MARRE AND FAMILY.

VICTORIA GAGLIARDO.
CHARLES MARRE.
JOSEPH MARRE.
MRS. S. D. SPAGNOLI.
LOUIS MARRE.
ALFONSO MARRE.
ENRICO GINOCCHIO.
ALFONSO GINOCCHIO.

Ladies' Aid.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. church met on Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. John Hattersley. The society is in a flourishing condition and has a snug sum in the treasury. The officers are as follows: Mrs. Mary Evans, President; Mrs. Wm. Horv, Vice-President; Mrs. John Hattersley, Secretary; Mrs. E. G. Freeman, Treasurer.

Notice.

Reduction in price of Fotos at McMillan's Gallery from Feb. 1st to 15th only. Don't miss the chance to secure some first-class Fotos cheap—\$2.50 cabinets for \$2.50. Large size for family groups reduced from \$7.00 to \$5.00 per dozen. feb. 8-11.

Card of Thanks.

Mr. and Mrs. Perano and family, wish to return their heartfelt thanks to the many friends and relatives who administered to their wants in time of trouble. They will always remember the kind condolence and sympathy of the entire community.

MINING BULLETIN OF W. H. STORMS

MOTHER LODE REGION OF CALIFORNIA.

Particular Attention Has Been Given to the Gold Mines of Amador County.

The LEDGER acknowledges with thanks the receipt of Bulletin No. 18, by W. H. Storms, E. M., entitled "The Mother Lode Region of California." The Bulletin was published under the direction of Henry T. Gage, Governor of the State of California. It is a creditable production and deals learnedly with the mining region designated. From it we take a few extracts relative to this vicinity as follows:

"In this county are a number of the deepest mines in the State, as well as some of the most valuable. Since the early days of mining in this county, it has been the common belief that the essential feature of a paying mine in Amador was a contact of greenstone and black slate. The development of the last few years has proven that this is not absolutely necessary, for some of the best ore-shoots found in this county are in amphibolite schist, and not associated with any contact. Another erroneous impression has been that all ore-shoots must necessarily be found in connection with the black clay slates of the Mariposa beds. To such an extent has this belief obtained, that it was considered almost useless to look elsewhere for paying mines."

Between the southern limits of the town of Jackson and the Mokelumne River on the Central Gold Belt, there are at present no mines which are paying, although active operations are in progress on several properties included in that section and profitable mines may be developed. The first mine, coming from the Mokelumne River northward, which may be included in the paying class, is the Zella Mine.

AMADOR QUEEN NO. 1.

This mine is 1 1/2 miles south of Jackson. The shaft has been sunk to a depth of 1200 feet, with extensive development at the 160, 300, 500, 1100, and 1200 foot levels. All of the workings of the mine are in amphibolite schist. Heavy gouges are an important and characteristic feature of this mine.

AMADOR QUEEN NO. 2.

It is 1 1/2 miles south of Jackson, and west of Amador Queen No. 1. The mine is opened through a cross-cut tunnel run 1000 feet to the vein, where a station has been cut underground and a double-reel hoisting plant installed. It is run by water power from a reservoir situated on the hill above, the pipe-line being conducted through an old shaft. There is a head of 312 feet at the hoist. A three-compartment winch has been sunk at a uniform angle below the adit, the vein dipping irregularly. In January last, the shaft was down 730 feet below the tunnel level. The vein occurs in amphibolite schist, and is chiefly interesting for the amount of arsenical sulphide (mispickel), rich in gold, which it contains.

ANDERSON (NEW YORK) MINE.

It is 3 miles southwest of Jackson, near Jackson Creek. The mine consists of a number of ore-shoots or mineralized zones, which occur in a dense apophytic rock, the exact character of which has not been determined—probably a diorite-porphry. The ores are found in the crushed portions of this mass, and consist of impregnations of iron sulphides, free silica, and gold. The oxidation of these deposits has resulted in the formation of siliceous iron ores carrying free gold.

SPAGNOLI MINE.

This is at Clinton. The property was being operated last spring by the Hobart Gold Mining Company of San Francisco. It has an old inclined shaft 110 feet in depth, and a new vertical shaft 220 feet in depth. The vein occurs in granite.

PEERLESS MINE.

It is 2 miles southwest of Jackson and about 3 miles south of the Kennedy Mine. An inclined shaft has been sunk at or near the contact of black clay slates of the Mariposa beds, which occur on the hanging-wall and a diabase luff on the hanging-wall. At the surface was discovered a small vein of quartz, which prospecting well in gold.

KIRKWOOD MINE.

A new property adjoining the Peerless on the south. It is in the progressive stage.

ZELLA MINE.

It is in the southern limits of the town of Jackson. Since the last report, the shaft has been sunk from 1100 feet, at which depth it had remained for some years, to 1506 feet, the lowest level being opened at 1350 feet. The mine was first worked about forty years ago, and continuously for the last twenty-one years. The property has a 40-stamp mill, which was worked steadily for fifteen years, when the mortars of old style were replaced by modern heavy mortars, provided with liners, etc. The Zella ore-shoot occurs as a broad zone of amphibolite schist and quartz, 30 to 40 feet wide. The ground is heavy and expensive to hold. Never a rich mine, it has always, however, paid a small profit. Filling is necessary in working this mine, and is obtained from the vein and also from chambers cut in the hanging-wall. The chlorination works at this mine have been entirely replaced once, and the hearths renewed several times; a hearth usually lasts about five years. The manager states that the average expense of mining and milling at the Zella is about \$3 per ton.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Give us daily some good bread. Pioneer Flour makes the best. 4-8-11

The Late Mrs. Marre.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Aurelia Marre was held at the Catholic church last Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock, high mass being said by Rev. Father Gleason. The attendance, notwithstanding the heavy rain, was very large. The procession left the Marre Hotel, the late home of deceased, soon after 10 a. m. The services at the church were very solemn and affecting. The floral pieces, a list of which appears below, were beautiful and elaborate. Funeral Director, George Huberty. Interment in the Catholic cemetery.

